



LAVINIA.

Engraved for Morison's Edition of Thomson's Seasons from an original painting

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THE
SEASONS.

BY

JAMES THOMSON.

WITH HIS LAST
CORRECTIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,
AND ELEGANT COPPERPLATES.

VOL. II.

P E R T H:

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THE SEASONS.

AUTUMN.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE subject proposed. Addressed to Mr Onslow. A prospect of the fields ready for harvest. Reflections in praise of industry, raised by that view. Reaping. A Tale relative to it. A harvest-storm. Shooting and hunting, their barbarity. A ludicrous account of fox-hunting. A view of an orchard. Wall-fruit. A vineyard. A description of fogs frequent in the latter part of Autumn; whence a digression, inquiring into the rise of fountains and rivers. Birds of season considered, that now shift their habitation. The prodigious number of them that cover the northern and western Isles of Scotland; hence a view of the country. A prospect of the discoloured, fading woods. After a gentle dusky day, moon-light. Autumnal meteors. Morning; to which succeeds a calm, pure, sun-shiny day, such as usually shuts up the season. The harvest being gathered in, the country dissolved in joy. The whole concludes with a panegyric on a philosophical country life.

CROWN'D with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on, the Doric reed once more,
Well pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the Wintry frost
Nitrous prepar'd, the various-blossom'd Spring
Put in white promise forth, and Summer-suns
Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view,
Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.

Onflow! the Muse, ambitious of thy name,
 To grace, inspire, and dignify her song,
 Would from the Public Voice thy gentle ear
 A while engage. Thy noble cares she knows,
 The patriot virtues that distend thy thought,
 Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow,
 While listening senates hang upon thy tongue,
 Devolving thro' the maze of eloquence
 A roll of periods sweeter than her song.
 But she, too, pants for public virtue; she,
 Tho' weak of power, yet strong in ardent will,
 Whene'er her country rushes on her heart,
 Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries
 To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.

When the bright Virgin gives the beauteous days,
 And Libra weighs in equal scales the year,
 From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence shook
 Of parting Summer, a serener blue,
 With golden light enliven'd, wide invests
 The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,
 Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft' thro' lucid clouds
 A pleasing calm, while broad and brown, below,
 Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.
 Rich, silent, deep, they stand; for not a gale
 Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain:
 A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air
 Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow.
 Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky,
 The clouds fly different, and the sudden sun
 By fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd field,

And

AUTUMN.

3

And black, by fits, the shadows sweep along :

A gaily-checker'd heart-expanding view,

Far as the circling eye can shoot around,

Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.

These are thy blessings, Industry ! rough power !

Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain ;

Yet the kind source of every gentle art,

And all the soft civility of life :

Raiser of human kind ! by Nature cast

Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods

And wilds, to rude inclement elements ;

With various seeds of art deep in the mind

Implanted, and profusely pour'd around

Materials infinite, but idle all.

Still unexerted, in th' unconscious breast

Slept the lethargic powers : Corruption still,

Voracious, swallowed what the liberal hand

Of Bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year ;

And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd

With beasts of prey, or for his acorn-meal

Fought the fierce tusky boar ; a shivering wretch !

Aghast, and comfortless, when the bleak North,

With Winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempest fly,

Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost ;

Then to the shelter of the hut he fled,

And the wild season, fordid, pin'd away :

For home he had not ; home is the resort

Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where

Supporting and supported, polish'd friends

And dear relations mingle into bliss.

But

But this the rugged savage never felt,
 Even desolate in crowds; and thus his days 70
 Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along!
 A waste of time! till Industry approach'd,
 And rous'd him from his miserable sloth;
 His faculties unfolded, pointed out
 Where lavish Nature the directing hand 75
 Of Art demanded; shew'd him how to raise
 His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
 To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
 On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
 On what the torrent and the gather'd blast; 80
 Gave the tall ancient forest to his axe;
 Taught him to chip the wood and hew the stone,
 Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose;
 Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
 And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm, 85
 Or bright in glossy silk and flowing lawn;
 With wholesome viands fill'd his table, pour'd
 The generous glass around, inspir'd to wake
 The life-refining soul of decent Wit;
 Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity; 90
 But still advancing bolder, led him on
 To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace;
 And, breathing high ambition thro' his soul,
 Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view,
 And bade him be the lord of all below. 95
 Then gathering men their natural powers combin'd,
 And form'd a public, to the general good
 Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.

For this the Patriot Council met, the full,
 The free, and fairly represented Whole; 100
 For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws,
 Distinguish'd orders, animated arts,
 And with joint force Oppression chaining, set
 Imperial Justice at the helm; yet still
 To them accountable; nor slavish dream'd 105
 That toiling millions must resign their weal,
 And all the honey of their search, to such
 As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd.

Hence every form of cultivated life
 In order set, protected, and inspir'd, 110
 Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
 Society grew numerous, high, polite,
 And happy. Nurse of art! the City rear'd,
 In beauteous pride, her tower-encircled head,
 And, stretching street on street, by thousands drew, 115
 From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew,
 To bows strong-straining her aspiring sons.

Then Commerce brought into the public walk
 The busy merchant; the big ware-house built, 119
 Rais'd the strong crane, chok'd up the loaded street
 With foreign plenty, and thy stream, O Thames!
 Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods!
 Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,
 Like a long wint'ry forest, groves of masts
 Shot up their spires; the bellying sheet between 125
 Possess'd the breezy void; the footy hulk
 Steer'd sluggish on; the splendid barge along

B

Row'd,

Row'd, regular, to harmony ; around
 The boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings ;
 While deep the various voice of fervent Toil 130
 From bank to bank increas'd ; whence ribb'd with oak,
 To bear the British thunder, black and bold,
 The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.

Then, too, the pillar'd dome magnific heav'd
 Its ample roof, and Luxury within 135
 Pour'd out her glittering stores : the canvas smoooth,
 With glowing life protuberant, to the view
 Embodied rose ; the statue seem'd to breathe
 And soften into flesh, beneath the touch
 Of forming Art, imagination flush'd. 140

All is the gift of industry ; whate'er
 Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
 Delightful. Pensive Winter, cheer'd by him,
 Sits at the social fire, and happy hears
 Th' excluded tempest idly rave along ; 145
 His hardened fingers deck the gaudy Spring ;
 Without him summer were an arid waste,
 Nor to th' Autumnal months could thus transmit
 Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,
 That, waving round, recall my wandering song. 150

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
 And unperceiv'd unfolds the spreading day,
 Before the ripened field the reapers stand
 In fair array, each by the lass he loves,
 To bear the rougher part, and mitigate, 155
 By nameless gentle offices, her toil.
 At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves,

While

While thro' their cheerful band the rural talk,
 The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
 Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time, 166
 And steal, unfelt, the sultry hours away.
 Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks,
 And, conscious, glancing oft' on every side
 His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
 The gleaners spread around, and here and there, 165
 Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.
 Be not too narrow, Husbandmen! but fling
 From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
 The liberal handful. Think, oh, grateful think!
 How good the God of Harvest is to you, 170
 Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields,
 While these unhappy partners of your kind
 Wide-hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
 And ask their humble dole. The various turns
 Of Fortune ponder; that your sons may want 175
 What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

The lovely young Lavinia once had friends,
 And Fortune immita, decent, on her birth,
 For in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
 Of every stay save Innocence and Heaven, 180
 She with her widowed mother, feeble, old,
 And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
 Among the windings of a woody vale;
 By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
 But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd. 185
 Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
 Which Virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet

From giddy Passion and low-minded Pride :
 Almost on Nature's common bounty fed,
 Like the gay birds that sung them to repose, 190
 Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
 Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
 When the dew wets its leaves ; unstain'd and pure,
 As is the lily or the mountain-snow.
 The modest virtues mingled in her eyes, 195
 Still on the ground, dejected, darting all
 Their humid beams into the blooming flowers ;
 Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
 Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
 Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star 200
 Of evening shone in tears. A native grace
 Sat fair proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
 Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
 Beyond the pomp of dress ; for Loveliness
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament, 205
 But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
 Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,
 Recluse amid the close embowering woods.
 As in the hollow breast of Apenine,
 Beneath the shelter of encircling hills, 210
 A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
 And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild,
 So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
 The sweet Lavinia ; till, at length, compell'd
 By strong Necessity's supreme command, 215
 With smiling patience in her looks, she went
 To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains

Palemon

Palemon was! the generous, and the rich!
 Who led the rural life in all its joy
 And elegance, such as Arcadian song
 Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times,
 When tyrant Custom had not shackled Man,
 But free to follow Nature was the mode.
 He then, his fancy with Autumnal scenes
 Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train
 To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye,
 Unconscious of her power, and turning quick,
 With unaffected blushes, from his gaze.
 He saw her charming; but he saw not half
 The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.
 That very moment love and chaste desire
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;
 For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
 Should his heart own a gleaner in the field;
 And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd:

"What pity, that so delicate a form,
 "By Beauty kindled, where enlivening Sense,
 "And more than vulgar Goodness, seem to dwell,
 "Should be devoted to the rude embrace
 "Of some indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
 "Of old Acasto's line, and to my mind
 "Recalls that patron of my happy life,
 "From whom my liberal fortune took its rise,
 "Now to the dust gone down, his houses, lands,
 "And once fair-spreading family, dissolv'd.
 "'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,

" Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
 " Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
 " His aged widow and his daughter live, 250
 " Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
 " Romantic wish! would this the daughter were!"

When, strict inquiring, from herself he found
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
 Of bountiful Acasto; who can speak 255
 The mingled passions that surpris'd his heart,
 And thro' his nerves in shivering transport ran?
 Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold,
 And as he view'd her, ardent o'er and o'er,
 Love, Gratitude, and Pity, wept at once. 260
 Confus'd, and frightened at his sudden tears,
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
 As thus Palemon, passionate and just,
 Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.

" And art thou, then, Acasto's dear remains? 265
 " She, whom my restless gratitude has sought
 " So long in vain? O heavens! the very same,
 " The softened image of my noble friend;
 " Allive his every look, his every feature,
 " More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring, 270
 " Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
 " That nourish'd up my fortune! say, ah where,
 " In what sequestered desert hast thou drawn
 " The kindest aspect of delighted Heaven!
 " Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair, 275
 " Tho' poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,
 " Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years?

" Q let

" O let me now into a richer soil
 " Transplant thee safe ! where vernal suns and showers
 " Diffuse their warmest, largest influence, 280
 " And of my garden be the pride and joy !
 " Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits
 " Acasto's daughter, his whole open stores,
 " Tho' vast, were little to his ampler heart,
 " The father of a country, thus to pick 285
 " The very refuse of those harvest-fields,
 " Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
 " Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
 " But ill apply'd to such a rugged task ;
 " The fields, the master, all, my Fair ! are thine, 290
 " If to the various blessings which thy house
 " Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
 " That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee !"

Here ceas'd the youth ; yet still his speaking eye
 Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul, 295
 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
 Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
 Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
 Of goodness irresistible, and all
 In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent. 300
 The news immediate to her mother brought,
 While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away
 The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate ;
 Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
 Joy seiz'd her withered veins, and one bright gleam
 Of setting life shone on her evening hours ; 306
 Not less enraptured than the happy pair,

Who

Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
And good, the grace of all the country round. 310

Defeating oft' the labours of the year,
The sultry South collects a potent blast.
At first the groves are scarcely seen to stir
Their trembling tops, and a still murmur runs
Along the soft-inclining fields of corn;
But as the aerial tempest fuller swells,
And in one mighty stream, invifible,
Immense, the whole excited atmosphere
Impetuous rushes o'er the founding world:
Strain'd to the root the ftooping forest pours 320
A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves;
High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in
From the bare wild the dissipatèd storm,
And send it in a torrent down the vale.
Expos'd and naked to its utmost rage, 325
Thro' all the sea of harvest rolling round,
The billowy plain floats wide, nor can evade,
Tho' pliant to the blast, its seizing force,
Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff
Shook waste: and sometimes, too, a burst of rain, 330
Swept from the black horizon, broad descends
In one continuous flood. Still over-head
The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still
The deluge deepens, till the fields around
Lie sunk and flattèd in the fordid wave. 335
Sudden the ditches swell, the meadows swim.
Red from the hills innumerable streams

Tumultuous

Tumultuous roar, and high above its banks
 The river lift, before whose rushing tide
 Herds, flocks and harvests, cottages and swains, 340
 Roll mingled down; all that the winds had spar'd
 In one wild moment ruin'd; the big hopes
 And well-earn'd treasures of the painful year.
 Fled to some eminence, the husbandman,
 Helpless, beholds the miserable wreck 345
 Driving along; his drowning ox at once
 Descending, with his labours scattered round,
 He sees; and instant o'er his shivering thought
 Comes winter unprovided, and a train
 Of clamant children dear. Ye Masters! then 350
 Be mindful of the rough laborious hand,
 That sinks you soft in elegance and ease;
 Be mindful of those limbs, in russet clad,
 Whose toil to yours is warmth and graceful pride;
 And, oh! be mindful of that sparing board 355
 Which covers yours with luxury profuse,
 Makes your glais sparkle and your sense rejoice!
 Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains
 And all-involving winds have swept away.
 Here the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy, 360
 The gun fast-thundering, and the winded horn,
 Would tempt the Muse to sing the rural game;
 How in his mid-career the spaniel, struck
 Stiff by the tainted gale, with open nose,
 Outstretch'd, and finely sensible, draws full, 365
 Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey:
 As in the sun the circling covey bask

Their

Their varied plumes, and, watchful every way,
 Thro' the rough stubble turn the secret eye,
 Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat 376
 Their idle wings, entangled more and more;
 Nor on the furies of the boundless air,
 Tho' borne triumphant, are they safe; the gun,
 Glanc'd just and sudden from the fowler's eye,
 O'ertakes their founding pinions, and again, 378
 Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,
 Dead to the ground, or drives them wide dispers'd,
 Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.

These are not subjects for the peaceful Muse,
 Nor will she stain with such her spotless song, 380
 Then most delighted when she social sees
 The whole mix'd animal-creation round
 Alive and happy. 'Tis not joy to her
 This falsely cheerful barbarous game of death;
 This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth 383
 Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn;
 When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,
 Urg'd by Necessity, had rang'd the dark,
 As if their conscious ravage shunn'd the light,
 Asham'd. Not so the steady tyrant Man, 390
 Who, with the thoughtless insolence of power
 Inflam'd, beyond the most infuriate wrath
 Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste,
 For sport alone pursues the cruel chace,
 Amid the beamings of the gentle days. 395
 Upbraid, ye ravening Tribes! our wanton rage,
 For hunger kindles you, and lawless want;

But

But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,
Is what your horrid bosoms never knew. 400

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare!
Scar'd from the corn, and now to some lone seat
Retir'd; the rushy fen, the ragged furze;
Stretch'd o'er the stony heath, the stubble chapt;
The thistly lawn, the thick-entangled broom; 405
Of the same friendly hue the withered fern;
The fallow ground laid open to the sun,
Concoctive; and the nodding sandy bank,
Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook:
Vain is her best precaution, tho' she sits 410
Conceal'd, with folded ears, unsleeping eyes,
By Nature rais'd to take th' horizon in,
And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,
In act to spring away. The scented dew
Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep, 415
In scattered sullen openings, far behind,
With every breeze she hears the coming storm:
But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
The sighing gale, she springs amaz'd, and all
The savage soul of Game is up at once: 420
The pack full-opening, various; the shrill horn
Resounded from the hills; the neighing steed,
Wild for the chase; and the loud hunter's shout;
O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all
Mix'd in mad tumult and discordant joy. 425

The stag, too, singled from the herd, where long
He rang'd the branching monarch of the shades,
Before

Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed,
 He, sprightly, puts his faith; and, rous'd by fear,
 Gives all his swift aerial soul to flight. 430
 Against the breeze he darts, that way the more
 To leave the lessening murderous cry behind;
 Deception short! tho' fleetier than the winds
 Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountain by the North
 He bursts the thickets, glances thro' the glades, 435
 And plunges deep into the wildest wood.
 If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track,
 Hot-steaming, up behind him come again
 Th' inhuman rout, and from the shady depth
 Expel him, circling thro' his every shift. 440
 He sweeps the forest oft', and, sobbing, fees
 The glades mild opening to the golden day,
 Where in kind contest with his butting friends
 He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.
 Oft' in the full-descending flood he tries 445
 To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides;
 Oft' seeks the herd; the watchful herd, alarm'd,
 With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.
 What shall he do? his once-so-vivid nerves,
 So full of buoyant spirit, now no more 450
 Inspire the course, but fainting breathless toil,
 Sick, seizes on his heart: he stands at bay,
 And puts his last weak refuge in despair.
 The big round tears run down his dappled face;
 He groans in anguish, while the growling pack, 455
 Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,
 And mark his beauteous-checkered sides with gore.

Of this enough. But if the sylvan youth,
 Whose fervent blood boils into violence,
 Must have the chase, behold, despising flight, 460
 The rous'd-up lion, resolute, and slow,
 Advancing full on the portended spear,
 And coward-band, that circling wheel aloof.
 Slunk from the cavern and the troubled wood,
 See the grim wolf! on him his shaggy foe 465
 Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die;
 Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
 Grins fell destruction, to the monster's heart
 Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.
 These Britain knows not. Give, ye Britons! then,
 Your sportive fury, pitiless, to pour 471
 Loose on the nightly robber of the fold;
 Him from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
 Let all the thunder of the chase pursue.
 Throw the broad ditch behind you; o'er the hedge 475
 High-bound, resistless; nor the deep morass
 Refuse, but thro' the shaking wilderness
 Pick your nice way; into the perilous flood
 Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full;
 And as you ride the torrent, to the banks 480
 Your triumph sound sonorous, running round
 From rock to rock, in circling echoes tost,
 Then scale the mountains to their woody tops,
 Rush down the dangerous steep, and o'er the lawn,
 In fancy swallowing up the space between, 485
 Pour all your speed into the rapid game;
 For happy he who tops the wheeling chase,

Has every maze evolv'd, and every guile
 Disclos'd; who knows the merits of the pack;
 Who saw the villain seiz'd, and dying hard, 490
 Without complaint, tho' by an hundred mouths
 Relentless torn: O, glorious he, beyond
 His daring peers! when the retreating horn,
 Calls them to ghostly halls of gray renown,
 With woodland honours grac'd; the fox's fur, 495
 Depending decent from the roof, and, spread
 Round the drear walls, with antique figures fierce,
 The stag's large front: he then is loudest heard,
 When the night staggers with severer toils,
 With feats Thessalian Centaurs never knew, 500
 And their repeated wonders shake the dome.

But first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide;
 The tankards foam; and the strong table groans
 Beneath the smoking firloin, stretch'd immense
 From side to side, in which, with desperate knife, 505
 They deep incision make, and talk the while
 Of England's glory, ne'er to be defac'd
 While hence they borrow vigour; or amain
 Into the pasty plung'd, at intervals,
 If stomach keen can intervals allow, 510
 Relating all the glories of the chase.
 Then fated Hunger bids his brother Thirst
 Produce the mighty bowl; the mighty bowl,
 Swell'd high with fiery juice, steams liberal round,
 A potent gale, delicious as the breath 515
 Of Maia to the love-sick shepherds,
 On violets diffus'd, while soft she hears

Her

Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms.
 Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,
 Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat 520
 Of thirty years: and now his honest front
 Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid
 Even with the vineyard's best produce to vie.
 To cheat the thirsty moments. Whist a while
 Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of smoke, 525
 Wreath'd, fragrant, from the pipe; or the quick dice,
 In thunder leaping from the box, awake
 The sounding gammon: while romp-loving miss
 Is haul'd about in gallantry robust.

At last these puling idleneffes laid 530
 Aside, frequent and full, the dry divan
 Close in firm circle, and set ardent in
 For serious drinking. Nor evasion fly,
 Nor sober shift, is to the puking wretch
 Indulg'd apart; but earnest brimming bowls 535
 Lave every soul, the table floating round,
 And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot.
 Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,
 Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,
 Reels fast from theme to theme; from horses, hounds,
 To church or mistress, politics or ghost, 540
 In endless mazes, intricate, perplex'd.
 Mean time, with sudden interruption, loud
 Th' impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart;
 That moment touch'd is every kindred soul, 545
 And, opening in a full-mouth'd cry of joy,
 The laugh, the slap, the jocund curse, go round,

While, from their slumbers shook the kennel'd hounds
Mix in the music of the day again.

As when the tempest, that has vex'd the deep 550

The dark night long, with fainter murmurs falls,

So, gradual, sinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues,
Unable to take up the cumbrous word,

Lie quite dissolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes,

Seem dim and blue, the double tapers dance, 555

Like the sun wading thro' the misty sky.

Then sliding soft, they drop. Confus'd above

Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,

As if the table even itself was drunk,

Lie a wet broken scene; and wide below 560

Is heap'd the social slaughter; where astride

The lubber Power in filthy triumph sits,

Slumbrous, inclining still from side to side,

And sleeps them drench'd in potent sleep till morn.

Perhaps some doctor, of tremendous paunch, 565

Awful and deep, a black abyfs of drink,

Outlives them all, and from his bury'd flock

Retiring, full of rumination sad,

Laments the weakness of these latter times.

But if the rougher sex by this fierce sport 570

Is hurried wild, let no such horrid joy

E'er stain the bosom of the British Fair.

Far be the spirit of the chase from them!

Uncomely courage, unbeseeming skill;

To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed; 575

The cap, the whip, the masculine attire,

In which they roughen to the sence, and all

The

The winning softness of their sex is lost.
 In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe ;
 With every motion, every word, to wave 580
 Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush,
 And from the smallest violence to shrink
 Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears ;
 And by this silent adulation, soft,
 To their protection more engaging man. 585
 O may their eyes no miserable sight,
 Save weeping lovers, see ! a nobler game,
 Thro' Loves enchanting wiles pursu'd, yet fled,
 In chase ambiguous. May their tender limbs
 Float in the loose simplicity of dress ! 590
 And, fashioned all to harmony, alone
 Know they to seize the captivated soul,
 In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips ;
 To teach the lute to languish ; with smooth step,
 Disclosing motion in its every charm, 595
 To swim along, and swell the mazy dance ;
 To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn ;
 To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page ;
 To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,
 And heighten Nature's dainties : in their race 600
 To rear their graces into second life ;
 To give society its highest taste.
 Well-ordered home man's best delight to make ;
 And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
 With every gentle care-eluding art 605
 To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,

And sweeten all the toils of human life :
This be the female dignity and praise !

Ye Swains ! now hasten to the hazel bank,
Where down yon' dale the wildly-winding brook 610
Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array,
Fit for the thickets and the tangling shrub,
Ye Virgins ! come : for you their latest song
The woodlands raise ; the clustering nuts for you
The lover finds amid the secret shade, 615
And, where they burnish on the topmost bough,
With active vigour crushes down the tree,
Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk ;
A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown,
As are the ringlets of Melinda's hair ; 620
Melinda ! form'd with every grace complete,
Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise,
And far transcending such a vulgar praise.

Hence from the busy joy-refounding fields,
In cheerful error, let us tread the maze 625
Of Autumn unconfin'd, and taste, reviv'd,
The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.
Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,
From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower
Incessant melts away. The juicy pear 630
Lies, in a soft profusion, scattered round.
A various sweetness swells the gentle race,
By Nature's all-refining hand prepar'd,
Of tempered sun and water, earth and air,
In ever-changing composition mixt. 635
Such falling frequent thro' the chiller night,

The

The fragrant stores, the wide projected heaps
 Of apples, which the lusty-handed Year,
 Innumerable, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.
 A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen, 640
 Dwells in their gelid pores; and, active, points
 The piercing cyder for the thirsty tongue;
 Thy native theme, and boon inspirer, too,
 Phillips! Pomona's bard, the second thou
 Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse, 645
 With British freedom sing the British song;
 How, from Silurian vats, high-sparkling wines
 Foam in transparent floods; some strong, to cheer
 The wint'ry revels of the labouring hind,
 And tasteful some, to cool the summer-hours. 650

In this glad season, while his sweetest beams
 The sun sheds equal o'er the meekened day,
 Oh lose me in the green delightful walks
 Of, Dodington! thy seat, serene and plain,
 Where simple Nature reigns, and every view, 655
 Diffusive, spreads the pure Dorsetian downs
 In boundless prospect, yonder shagg'd with wood,
 Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks!
 Mean time the grandeur of the lofty dome,
 Far-splendid, seizes on the ravish'd eye, 660
 New beauties rise with each revolving day,
 New columns swell; and still the fresh Spring finds
 New plants to quicken and new groves to green.
 Full of thy genius all, the Muses' seat,
 Where in the secret bower and winding walk, 665
 For virtuous Young and thee they twine the bay;
 Here

Here wandering oft', fir'd with the restless thirst
 Of thy applause, I solitary court
 Th' inspiring breeze, and meditate the Book
 Of Nature, ever open; aiming thence, 670
 Warm from the heart, to learn the moral song.
 Here, as I steal along the sunny wall,
 Where Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep,
 My pleasing theme continual prompts my thought,
 Presents the downy peach, the shining plum, 675
 The ruddy, fragrant nectarine, and dark,
 Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.
 The vine, too, here her curling tendrils shoots,
 Hangs out her clusters glowing to the south,
 And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky. 680

Turn we a moment Fancy's rapid flight
 To vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent,
 Where, by the potent sun elated, high
 The vineyard swells refulgent on the day,
 Spreads o'er the vale, or up the mountain climbs,
 Profuse, and drinks amid the sunny rocks, 686
 From cliff to cliff increas'd, the heightened blaze.
 Low bend the weighty boughs: the clusters clear,
 Half thro' the foliage seen, or ardent flame,
 Or shine transparent; while Perfection breathes 690
 White o'er the turgent film the living dew.
 As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
 Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray,
 The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
 Each fond for each to cull th' Autumnal prime, 695
 Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.

Then

Then comes the crushing swain ; the country floats
 And foams unbounded with the mazy flood,
 That by degrees fermented and refin'd,
 Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy ; 700
 The claret smooth, red as the lip we press
 In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl ;
 The mellow-tasted Burgundy, and, quick
 As is the wit it gives, the gay Champaign.

Now, by the cool declining year condens'd, 705
 Descend the copious exhalations, check'd

As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
 And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.

No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
 Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides, 710

And high between contending kingdoms rears
 The rocky long division, fills the view

With great variety ; but, in a night

Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense
 Sinks dark and dreary : thence expanding far, 715

The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain :

Vanish the woods ; the dim-seen river seems

Sullen and slow, to roll the misty wave.

Even in the height of noon oppress'd, the sun

Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide refracted ray ; 720

Whence glaring oft', with many a broadened orb

He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,

Seen thro' the turbid air, beyond the life

Objects appear, and, wildered, o'er the waste

The shepherd stalks gigantic : till at last, 725

Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles still

Successive

Successive closing, fits the general fog
Unbounded o'er the world, and, mingling thick,
A formless grey confusion covers all.

As when of old (so sung the Hebrew bard) 730
Light uncollected thro' the chaos urg'd
Its infant way, nor Order yet had drawn
His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.

These roving mists, that constant now begin
To smoke along the hilly country, these, 735
With weighty rains and melted Alpine snows,
The mountain-cisterns fill, those ample stores
Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks,
Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,
And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw. 740

Some sages say, that where the numerous wave
For ever lashes the resounding shore,
Drill'd thro' the sandy stratum, every way
The waters with the sandy stratum rise,
Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd, 745
They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,
And clear and sweeten as they soak along :
Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,
Tho' oft' amidst th' irriguous vale it springs,
But to the mountain courted by the sand, 750
That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
Far from the parent-main it boils again
Fresh into day, and all the glittering hill
Is bright with sporting rills. But hence this vain
Amusive dream ! why should the waters love 755
To take so far a journey to the hills,

When

When the sweet vallies offer to their toil
Inviting quiet and a nearer bed?

Or if, by blind Ambition led astray,
They must aspire, why should they sudden stop 760

Among the broken mountains' rushy dells,
And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert
Th' attractive sand that charm'd their course so long?
Besides, the hard agglomerating salts,

The spoil of ages, would impervious choke 765
Their secret channels, or, by slow degrees,
High as the hills protrude the swelling vales:
Old Ocean, too, suck'd thro' the porous globe,
Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed,
And brought Deucalion's wat'ry times again. 770

Say, then, where lurk the vast eternal springs
That, like Creating Nature, lie conceal'd
From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores
Refresh the globe and all its joyous tribes?

O thou pervading Genius! given to Man 775

To trace the secrets of the dark abyfs,
O lay the mountains bare! and wide display
Their hidden structure to th' astonish'd view:
Strip from the branching Alps their piny load,

The huge incumbrance of horrific woods 780

From Asian Taurus, from Imaus stretch'd
Athwart the roving Tartar's fullen bounds!

Give opening Hemus to my searching eye,
And high Olympus, pouring many a stream!

O from the founding summits of the North, 785

The Dofrine hills, thro' Scandinavia roll'd

The

To farthest Lapland and the frozen main ;
 From lofty Caucasus, far-seen by those
 Who in the Caspian and black Euxine toil ;
 From cold Riphean rocks, which the wild Rufs 790
 Believes the stony girdle ^a of the world ;
 And all the dreadful mountains, wrapt in storm,
 Whence wide Siberia draws her lonely floods,
 O sweep th' eternal snows ! Hung o'er the deep,
 That ever works beneath his founding base, 795
 Bid Atlas, propping heaven, as poets feign,
 His subterranean wonders spread ! unveil
 The miny caverns, blazing on the day,
 Of Abyssinia's cloud-compelling cliffs,
 And of the bending Mountains of the Moon ^b ! 800
 O'ertopping all these giant-sons of earth.
 Let the dire Andes, from the radiant line
 Stretch'd to the stormy seas that thunder round
 The southern pole, their hideous deeps unfold !
 Amazing scene ! Behold ! the glooms disclose ; 805
 I see the rivers in their infant beds !
 Deep, deep I hear them, lab'ring to get free !
 I see the leaning strata, artful rang'd
 The gaping fissures to receive the rains,
 The melting snows, and ever-dripping fogs. 810
 Strow'd bibulous above, I see the sands,
 The pebbly gravel next, the layers then
 Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,
 The guttered rocks and mazy-running clefts,
 That, while the stealing moisture they transmit, 815
 Retard its motion, and forbid its waste.

Beneath

Beneath th' incessant weeping of these drains,
 I see the rocky siphons stretch'd immense,
 The mighty reservoirs, of hardened chalk,
 Or stiff-compacted clay, capacious form'd. 820
 O'erflowing thence, the congregated stores,
 The crystal treasures of the liquid world,
 Thro' the stirr'd sands a bubbling passage burst,
 And, welling out, around the middle steep,
 Or from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills, 825
 In pure effusion flow. United, thus,
 Th' exhaling fun, the vapour-burden'd air,
 The gelid mountains, that to rain condens'd
 These vapours in continual current draw,
 And send them o'er the fair-divided earth. 830
 In bounteous rivers to the deep again,
 A social commerce bold, and firm support
 The full adjusted harmony of things.

When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
 Warn'd of approaching Winter, gathered, play 835
 The swallow-people, and, tofs'd wide around,
 O'er the calm sky, in convolution swift,
 The feathered eddy floats, rejoicing once,
 Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire.
 In clusters clung, beneath the mouldering bank, 840
 And where, unpierc'd by frost, the cavern sweats,
 Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
 With other kindred birds of season, there
 They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months
 Invite them welcome back; for, thronging, now 845
 Innumerable wings are in commotion all.

Where the Rhine loses his majestic force
 In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,
 By diligence amazing, and the strong
 Unconquerable hand of Liberty, 850
 The stork-assembly meets, for many a day
 Consulting deep and various ere they take
 Their arduous voyage thro' the liquid sky :
 And now their rout design'd, their leaders chose,
 Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings,
 And many a circle, many a short essay, 856
 Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full
 The figured flight ascends, and, riding high
 The aerial billows, mixes with the clouds.

Or where the Northern ocean, in vast whirls, 860
 Boils round the naked melancholy isles
 Of farthest Thule, and the Atlantic surge
 Pours in among the stormy Hebrides ;
 Who can recount what transmigrations there
 Are annual made ? what nations come and go ? 865
 And how the living clouds on clouds arise ?
 Infinite wings ! till all the plume-dark air,
 And rude-refounding shore, are one wild cry.

Here the plain harmless native his small flock
 And herd diminutive, of many hues, 870
 Tends on the little islands' verdant swell,
 The shepherd's sea-girt reign, or to the rocks
 Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious food,
 Or sweeps the fishy shore, or treasures up
 The plumage, rising full, to form the bed 875
 Of Luxury : and here a while the Muse,

High

High hovering o'er the broad cerulean scene,
 Sees Caledonia in romantic view :
 Her airy mountains, from the waving main
 Invested with a keen diffusive sky, 880
 Breathing the soul acute ; her forests huge,
 Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand
 Planted of old ; her azure lakes between,
 Pour'd out extensive, and of wat'ry wealth
 Full ; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales ; 885
 With many a cool translucent brimming flood
 Wash'd lovely, from the Tweed (pure parent-stream,
 Whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric reed,
 With, sylvan Jed ! thy tributary brook)
 To where the north-inflated tempest foams 890
 O'er Orca's or Betubium's highest peak ;
 Nurse of a people in Misfortune's school
 Train'd up to hardy deeds, soon visited
 By Learning, when before the Gothic rage
 She took her western flight. A manly race, 895
 Of unsubmitting spirit, wise and brave,
 Who still thro' bleeding ages struggled hard,
 (As well unhappy Wallace can attest,
 Great patriot-hero ! ill-requited chief !)
 To hold a generous undiminish'd state ; 900
 Too much, in vain ! hence of unequal bounds
 Impatient, and by tempting glory borne
 O'er every land, for every land their life
 Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plann'd,
 And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil ; 905

As from their own clear North, in radiant streams,
Bright over Europe bursts the Boreal Morn.

Oh ! is there not some patriot, in whose power
That best, that godlike luxury is plac'd,
Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn, 910
Thro' late posterity ? some, large of soul,
To cheer dejected Industry ? to give
A double harvest to the pining swain,
And teach the labouring hand the sweets of toil ?
How by the finest art the native robe 915
To weave ; how, white as hyperborean snow,
To form the lucid lawn ; with venturous oar
How to dash wide the billow ; nor look on,
Shamefully passive, while Batavian fleets
Defraud us of the glittering finny swarms 920
That heave our friths, and crowd upon our shores ;
How all enlivening Trade to rouse, and wing
The prosperous sail from every growing port,
Uninjur'd, round the sea-incircled globe ;
And thus, in soul united as in name, 925
Bid Britain reign the mistress of the deep !
Yes, there are such. And full on thee, Argyle !
Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast,
From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,
Thy fond imploring Country turns her eye ; 930
In thee, with all a mother's triumph, sees
Her every virtue, every grace combin'd,
Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn,
Her pride of honour, and her courage try'd,
Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat 935
Of

Of sulphureous War, on Tenier's dreadful field.
 Nor less the palm of Peace inwreathes thy brow;
 For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue
 Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate;
 While mixt in thee combine the charm of youth, 940
 The force of manhood, and the depth of age.
 Thee, Forbes! too, whom every worth attends,
 As Truth sincere, as weeping Friendship kind;
 Thee, truly generous, and in silence great,
 Thy country feels thro' her reviving arts, 945
 Plann'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd,
 And seldom has she known a friend like thee.

But see the fading many-colour'd woods,
 Shade deepening over shade, the country round
 Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk, and dun, 950
 Of every hue, from wan-declining green
 To sooty dark. These now the lonesome Muse,
 Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
 And give the Season in its latest view.

Mean time, light-shadowing all, a sober calm 955
 Fleeces unbounded ether, whose least wave
 Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
 The gentle current; while illumin'd wide,
 The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
 And thro' their lucid veil his softened force 960
 Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time
 For those whom Wisdom and whom Nature charm,
 To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
 And soar above this little scene of things;
 To tread low-thoughted Vice beneath their feet, 965

To sooth the throbbing Passions into peace,
And wooe lone Quiet in her silent walks.

Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
Oft' let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And thro' the faddened grove, where scarce is heard
One dying strain to cheer the woodman's toil. 971
Haply some widowed songster pours his plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, thro' the tawny copse;
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late 975
Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,
Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
On the dead tree, a full despondent flock,
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
And nought save chattering discord in their note. 980
O let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,
The gun the music of the coming year
Destroy, and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes a miserable prey,
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground! 985

The pale-descending year, yet pleasing still,
A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf,
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove,
Oft' startling such as, studious, walk below,
And slowly circles thro' the waving air. 990
But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams,
Till, chok'd and matted with the dreary shower,
The forest-walks, at every rising gale,
Roll wide the withered waste, and whistle bleak. 995

Fled

Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields,
 And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
 Their funny robes resign : even what remain'd
 Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree,
 And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around 1000
 The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

He comes! he comes! in every breeze the Power
 Of Philosophic Melancholy comes!
 His near approach the sudden-starting tear,
 The glowing cheek, the mild-dejected air, 1005
 The softened feature, and the beating heart,
 Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.
 O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes,
 Inflames imagination, thro' the breast
 Infuses every tenderness, and far 1010
 Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.
 Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such
 As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
 Crowd fast into the Mind's creative eye.
 As fast the correspondent passions rise, 1015
 As varied, and as high : devotion rais'd
 To rapture and divine astonishment ;
 The love of Nature unconfin'd, and, chief,
 Of human race, the large ambitious wish ;
 To make them blest ; the sigh for suffering Worth 1020
 Lost in obscurity ; the noble scorn
 Of tyrant-pride ; the fearless great resolve :
 The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
 Inspiring glory thro' remotest time ;
 Th' awakened throb for virtue and for fame ; 1025
 The

The sympathies of love and friendship dear,
With all the social offspring of the heart.

Oh bear me, then, to vast embowering shades,
To twilight groves and visionary vales,
To weeping grottoes and prophetic glooms, 1030
Where angel-forms athwart the solemn dusk
Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep, along,
And voices more than human, thro' the void
Deep-sounding, seize th' enthusiastic ear!

Or is this gloom too much? Then lead, ye Powers!
That o'er the garden and the rural seat 1036
Preside, which shining thro' the cheerful land
In countless numbers blest Britannia sees,
O lead me to the wide-extended walks,
The fair majestic paradise of Stowe^c! 1040
Not Persian Cyrus, on Ionia's shore,
E'er saw such sylvan scenes; such various art
By Genius fir'd, such ardent genius tam'd
By cool judicious Art, that in the strife
All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone. 1045
And there, O Pitt! thy country's early boast,
There let me sit beneath the sheltered slopes,
Or in that temple^d where, in future times,
Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd name;
And, with thy converse blest, catch the last smiles
Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods. 1051
While there with thee th' enchanted round I walk,
The regulated wild, gay Fancy then
Will tread in thought the groves of Attic land,
Will, from thy standard taste, refine her own, 1055

Correct

Correct her pencil to the purest truth
 Of Nature, or, the unimpassion'd shades
 Forsaking, raise it to the human mind.
 Or if hereafter she, with juster hand,
 Shall draw the Tragic scene, instruct her, thou, 1060
 To mark the varied movements of the heart,
 What every decent character requires,
 And every passion speaks: O thro' her strain
 Breathe thy pathetic eloquence! that moulds
 Th' attentive Senate, charms, persuades, exalts; 1065
 Of honest Zeal th' indignant lightning throws,
 And shakes Corruption on her venal throne.
 While thus we talk, and thro' Elysian vales
 Delighted rove, perhaps a sigh escapes:
 What pity, Cobham! thou thy verdant files 1070
 Of ordered trees shouldst here inglorious range,
 Instead of squadrons flaming o'er the field,
 And long embattled hosts! when the proud foe,
 The faithless vain disturber of mankind,
 Insulting Gaul, has rous'd the world to war; 1075
 When keen, once more, within their bounds to press
 Those polished robbers, those ambitious slaves,
 The British Youth would hail thy wise command,
 Thy temper'd ardour, and thy veteran skill.

The western sun withdraws the shortened day, 1080
 And humid Evening, gliding o'er the sky,
 In her chill progress, to the ground condens'd
 The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
 Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
 Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along 1085

The

The dusky-mantled lawn. Meanwhile the moon,
 Full-orb'd, and breaking thro' the scattered clouds,
 Shews her broad visage in the crimson'd east.
 Turn'd to the sun direct, her spotted disk,
 Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
 And caverns deep, as optic tube descends, 1091
 A smaller earth, gives us his blaze again,
 Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
 Now thro' the passing clod she seems to stoop,
 Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime. 1095
 Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
 O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale,
 While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,
 The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
 Of silver radiance, trembling round the world. 1100

But when half blotted from the sky her light,
 Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn
 With keener lustre thro' the depth of heaven,
 Or near extinct her deadened orb appears,
 And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white, 1105
 Oft' in this season, silent from the North
 A blaze of meteors shoots: ensweeping first
 The lower skies, they all at once converge
 High to the crown of heaven, and all at once
 Relapsing quick, as quickly reascend, 1110
 And mix and thwart, extinguish and renew,
 All ether courting in a maze of light.

From look to look, contagious thro' the crowd
 The panic runs, and into wondrous shapes
 The appearance throws: armies in meet array, 1115
 Throng'd

Throng'd with aerial spears and steeds of fire,
 Till the long lines of full-extended war,
 In bleeding fight commixt, the sanguine flood
 Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.
 As thus they scan the visionary scene, 1120
 On all sides swells the superstitious din,
 Incontinent, and busy Frenzy talks
 Of blood and battle, cities overturn'd,
 And late at night in swallowing earthquake funk,
 Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending flame; 1125
 Of fallow famine, inundation, storm;
 Of pestilence, and every great distress;
 Empires subvers'd, when ruling Fate has struck
 The unalterable hour: even Nature's self
 Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time. 1130
 Not so the man of philosophic eye,
 And inspect sage; the waving brightness he
 Curious surveys, inquisitive to know
 The causes and materials, yet unfix'd,
 Of this appearance, beautiful and new. 1135
 Now black and deep the night begins to fall,
 A shade immense. Sunk in the quenching gloom,
 Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.
 Order confounded lies; all Beauty void;
 Distinction lost; and gay variety 1140
 One universal blot: such the fair power
 Of Light, to kindle and create the whole.
 Dread is the state of the benighted wretch,
 Who then, bewilder'd, wanders thro' the dark,
 Full of pale fancies and chimeras huge; 1145
 Nor

Nor visited by one directive ray
 From cottage streaming or from airy hall.
 Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,
 Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue
 The wild-fire scatters round, or, gathered, trails 1150
 A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss,
 Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,
 Now lost and now renew'd, he sinks absorpt,
 Rider and horse, amid the miry gulf;
 While still, from day to day, his pining wife 1155
 And plaintive children his return await
 In wild conjecture lost. At other times,
 Sent by the better Genius of the Night,
 Innoxious, gleaming on the horse's mane
 The meteor sits, and shews the narrow path 1160
 That, winding, leads thro' pits of death, or else
 Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford.

The lengthened night elaps'd, the morning shines
 Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
 Unfolding fair the last Autumnal day. 1165
 And now the mounting sun dispels the fog;
 The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam;
 And, hung on every spray, on every blade
 Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.

Ah see where robb'd, and murder'd, in that pit 1170
 Lies the still heaving hive! at evening snatch'd
 Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,
 And fix'd o'er sulphur, while, not dreaming ill,
 The happy people in their waxen cells
 Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes 1175
 Of

Of temperance, for Winter poor, rejoiced
 To mark, full flowing round, their copious stores.
 Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends,
 And, us'd to milder scents, the tender race,
 By thousands, tumble from their honeyed domes, 1180
 Convolv'd, and agonizing in the dust.

And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring,
 Intent, from flower to flower? for this you toil'd,
 Ceaseless, the burning Summer-heats away?
 For this in Autumn search'd the blooming waste, 1185
 Nor lost one funny gleam? for this sad fate?

O Man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long
 Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your rage,
 Awaiting renovation? When oblig'd,
 Must you destroy? Of their ambrosial food 1190

Can you not borrow, and, in just return,
 Afford them shelter from the wintry winds,
 Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own
 Again regale them on some smiling day?

See where the stony bottom of their town 1195
 Looks desolate and wild, with here and there
 A helpless number, who the ruined state
 Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.

Thus a proud city, populous and rich,
 Full of the works of peace, and high in joy, 1200
 At theatre or feast, or sunk in sleep
 (As late, Palermo! was thy fate), is seiz'd
 By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd
 Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involv'd,
 Into a gulf of blue sulphureous flame. 1205

Hence every harsher sight ! for now the day,
 O'er heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm and high,
 Infinite splendour ! wide investing all.
 How still the breeze ! save what the filmy threads
 Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain. 1210
 How clear the cloudless sky ! how deeply ting'd
 With a peculiar blue ! the ethereal arch
 How swell'd immense ! amid whose azure thron'd,
 The radiant sun how gay ! how calm below
 The gilded earth ! the harvest-treasures all 1215
 Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,
 Sure to the swain ; the circling fence shut up,
 And instant Winter's utmost rage defy'd :
 While, loose to festive joy, the country round
 Laughs with the loud sincerity of Mirth, 1220
 Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-strung youth,
 By the quick sense of music taught alone,
 Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.
 Her every charm abroad, the village-toast,
 Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich, 1225
 Darts not unmeaning looks, and, where her eye
 Points an approving smile, with double force
 The cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines.
 Age, too, shines out, and, garrulous, recounts
 The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice, nor think
 That, with to-morrow's sun, their annual toil 1231
 Begins again the never-ceasing round.

Oh knew he but his happiness, of men
 The happiest he ! who, far from public rage,
 Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd, 1235

Drinks

Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life.
 What tho' the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,
 Each morning, vomits out the sneaking crowd
 Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd?
 Vile intercourse! What tho' the glittering robe, 1240
 Of every hue reflected light can give,
 Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,
 The pride and gaze of fools! oppresses him not?
 What tho', from utmost land and sea purvey'd,
 For him each rarer tributary life 1245
 Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
 With luxury and death? what tho' his bowl
 Flames not with costly juice; nor sunk in beds,
 Oft' of gay care, he tosses out the night,
 Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state? 1250
 What tho' he knows not the fantastic joys
 That still amuse the wanton, still deceive,
 A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain,
 Their hollow moments undelighted all?
 Sure peace is his; a solid life, estrang'd 1255
 To disappointment and fallacious hope:
 Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
 In herbs and fruits, whatever greens the Spring,
 When heaven descends in showers, or bends the bough
 When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams,
 Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies 1261
 Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap,
 These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
 Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;
 Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,

And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere 1266
 Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
 Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay ;
 Nor aught besides of prospect, grove, or song,
 Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear. 1270
 Here, too, dwells simple Truth, plain Innocence,
 Unfulfilled Beauty, sound unbroken Youth,
 Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd,
 Health ever blooming, unambitious Toil,
 Calm Contemplation, and poetic Ease. 1275

Let others brave the flood in quest of gain,
 And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave.
 Let such as deem it glory to destroy
 Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek,
 Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail, 1280
 The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.
 Let some, far distant from their native soil,
 Urg'd on by want or hardened avarice,
 Find other lands beneath another sun.
 Let this thro' cities work his eager way, 1285
 By legal outrage and establish'd guile,
 The social sense extinct, and that ferment
 Mad into tumult the seditious herd,
 Or melt them down to slavery ; let these
 Insnare the wretched in the toils of law, 1290
 Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,
 An iron race ! and those of fairer front,
 But equal inhumanity, in courts,
 Delusive pomp, and dark cabals, delight,
 Wreath the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile, 1295
 And

And tread the weary labyrinth of state : 1295
 While he, from all the stormy passions free
 That restless men involve, hears, and but hears,
 At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
 Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,
 The rage of nations, and the crush of states, 1301
 Move not the man who, from the world escap'd,
 In still retreats and flowery solitudes,
 To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,
 And day to day, thro' the revolving year ; 1305
 Admiring sees her in her every shape,
 Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart,
 Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
 He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,
 Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale 1310
 Into his freshened soul ; her genial hours
 He full enjoys, and not a beauty blows,
 And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.
 In Summer he, beneath the living shade,
 Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave, 1315
 Or Hemus cool, reads what the Muse of these,
 Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung,
 Or what she dictates writes ; and oft', an eye
 Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
 When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world, 1320
 And tempts the sickled swain into the field,
 Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart distends,
 With gentle throes, and thro' the tepid gleams
 Deep musing, then he best exerts his song.
 Even Winter wild to him is full of bliss : 1325

The

The mighty tempest and the hoary waste,
 Abrupt and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,
 Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,
 Disclos'd and kindled by refining frost,
 Pour every lustre on th' exalted eye. 1330

A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,
 And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing
 O'er land and sea Imagination roams;
 Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
 Elates his being, and unfolds his powers; 1235
 Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.

The touch of kindred, too, and love he feels;
 The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
 Ecstatic shine; the little strong embrace
 Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck, 1340

And emulous to please him, calling forth
 The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,
 Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns;
 For happiness and true philosophy
 Are of the social still and smiling kind. 1345

This is the life which those who fret in guilt
 And guilty cities never knew; the life
 Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
 When angels dwelt, and God himself, with Man!

Oh, Nature! all-sufficient! over all! 1350

Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
 Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonders there,
 World beyond world, in infinite extent,
 Profusely scatter'd o'er the blue immense,
 Shew me; their motions, periods, and their laws,

Give

AUTUMN.

47

Give me to scan; thro' the disclosing deep 1356
Light my blind way; the mineral strata there;
Thrust, blooming, thence, the vegetable world;
O'er that the rising system, more complex,
Of animals, and, higher still, the mind, 1360
The varied scene of quick compounded thought,
And where the mixing passions endless shift:
These ever open to my ravish'd eye,
A search the flight of time can ne'er exhaust!
But if to that unequal, if the blood, 1365
In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
That best ambition, under closing shades,
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
And whisper to my dreams. From Thee begin,
Dwell all on thee, with Thee conclude my song,
And let me never, never stray from Thee! 1371



THE SEASONS.

WINTER.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Address to the Earl of Wilmington. First approach of Winter. According to the natural course of the season, various storms described. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the snows: A man perishing among them; whence reflections on the wants and miseries of human life. The wolves descending from the Alps and Apennines. A wintry evening described: as spent by philosophers; by the country people; in the City-Frost. A view of Winter within the Polar Circle. A thaw. The whole concluding with moral reflections on a future state.

SEE, Winter comes to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train,
Vapours, and clouds, and storms. Be these my theme,
These! that exalt the soul to solemn thought
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred Glooms!
Congenial Horrors, hail! with frequent foot 6
Pleas'd have I, in my cheerful morn of life,
When nurs'd by careless Solitude I liv'd,
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,
Pleas'd have I wander'd thro' your rough domain, to
Trod the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure,
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst,
Or seen the deep-fermenting tempest brew'd
In the grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,

Till

Till thro' the lucid chambers of the South 15
Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out, and smil'd.

To thee, the patron of her first essay,
The Muse, O Wilmington! renews her song.
Since has she rounded the revolving year,
Skimm'd the gay Spring; on eagle-pinions borne, 20
Attempted thro' the Summer-blaze to rise,
Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale,
And now among the Wintry clouds again,
Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar,
To swell her note with all the rushing winds, 25
To suit her founding cadence to the floods,
As is her theme, her numbers wildly great:
Thrice happy! could she fill thy judging ear
With bold description and with manly thought.
Nor art thou skill'd in awful schemes alone, 30
And how to make a mighty people thrive;
But equal goodness, sound integrity,
A firm, unshaken, uncorrupted soul
Amid a sliding age, and, burning strong,
Nor vainly blazing for thy country's weal, 35
A steady spirit regularly free:
These, each exalting each, the statesmen light
Into the patriot; these the public hope
And eye to thee converting, bid the Muse
Record what Envy dares not flattery call. 40

Now when the cheerless empire of the sky
To Capricorn the Centaur Archer yields,
And fierce Aquarius stains th' inverted year,
Hung o'er the farthest verge of heaven the sun

Scarce

Scarce spreads thro' ether the dejected day. 45
 Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot
 His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
 Thro' the thick air, as cloth'd in cloudy storm,
 Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky,
 And, soon descending, to the long dark night, 50
 Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.
 Nor is the night unwish'd, while vital heat,
 Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forsake.
 Mean time in fable cincture shadows vast,
 Deep-ting'd and damp, and congregated clouds, 55
 And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven,
 Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls,
 A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,
 Thro' Nature shedding influence malign,
 And rouses up the seeds of dark disease. 60
 The soul of Man dies in him, loathing life,
 And black with more than melancholy views.
 The cattle droop, and o'er the furrow'd land,
 Fresh from the plough, the dun-discolour'd flocks,
 Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root. 65
 Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
 Sighs the sad Genius of the coming storm,
 And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,
 And fractured mountains wild, the brawling brook
 And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan, 70
 Resounding long in listening Fancy's ear.

Then comes the Father of the tempest forth,
 Wrapt in black glooms. First joyless rains, obscure,
 Drive thro' the mingling skies with vapour foul,

Dash

Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods,
 That grumbling wave below. The unsightly plain 76
 Lies a brown deluge, as the low-bent clouds
 Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
 Combine, and, deepening into night, shut up
 The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven 80
 Each to his home retire, save those that love
 To take their pastime in the troubled air,
 Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.
 The cattle from the untasted fields return,
 And ask, with meaning low, their wonted stalls, 85
 Or ruminatè in the contiguous shade.
 Thither the household feathery people crowd,
 The crested cock, with all his female train,
 Pensive, and dripping, while the cottage-hind
 Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and taleful there 90
 Recounts his simple frolic: much he talks,
 And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows
 Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,
 And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread, 95
 At last the rouz'd-up river pours along:
 Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
 From the rude mountain and the mossy wild,
 Tumbling thro' rocks abrupt, and sounding far,
 Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads, 100
 Calm, sluggish, silent; till, again constrain'd
 Between two meeting hills, it bursts a way,
 Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream;
 There

There gathering triple force, rapid and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders thro'.

Nature! great parent! whose unceasing hand 106
Rolls round the Seasons of the changeful year,
How mighty, how majestic, are thy works!
With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul!
That fees astonish'd, and astonish'd fings. 110

Ye too, ye Winds! that now begin to blow
With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.
Where are your stores, ye powerful Beings! say,
Where your aerial magazines reserv'd,
To swell the brooding terrors of the storm? 115
In what far-distant region of the sky,
Hush'd in deep silence, sleep ye when 'tis calm?

When from the pallid sky the sun descends,
With many a spot, that o'er his glaring orb
Uncertain wanders, stain'd, red fiery streaks 120
Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds
Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet
Which master to obey: while rising slow,
Blank, in the leaden-colour'd East, the moon
Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns. 125
Seen thro' the turbid fluctuating air,
The stars obtuse emit a shivered ray,
Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,
And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.
Snatch'd in short eddies plays the withered leaf, 130
And on the flood the dancing feather floats.
With broadened nostrils, to the sky up-turn'd,
The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.

Even

Even as the matron, at her nightly task,
 With pensive labour draws the flaxen thread, 135
 The wasted taper and the crackling flame
 Foretell the blast. But chief the plummy race,
 The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.
 Retiring from the downs, where all day long
 They pick'd their scanty fare, and blackening train 140
 Of clamorous rooks thick urge their weary flight,
 And seek the closing shelter of the grove.
 Assiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl
 Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high 144
 Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land.
 Loud shrieks the soaring hern: and with wild wing
 The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.
 Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide
 And blind commotion heaves, while from the shore,
 Ezt into caverns by the restless wave, 150
 And forest-rustling mountains, comes a voice
 That, solemn sounding, bids the world prepare
 Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,
 And hurls the whole precipitated air
 Down in a torrent. On the passive main 155
 Descends th' ethereal force, and with strong gust
 Turns from its bottom the discoloured deep.
 Thro' the black night, that sits immense around,
 Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
 Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn: 160
 Mean time the mountain-billows, to the clouds
 In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,
 Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,

And anchored navies from their stations drive,
 Wild as the winds, across the howling waste 165
 Of mighty waters: now th' inflated wave
 Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot
 Into the secret chambers of the deep,
 The wintry Baltic thundering o'er their head:
 Emerging thence again, before the breath 170
 Of full-exerted heaven they wing their course,
 And dart on distant coasts, if some sharp rock,
 Or shoal insidious, break not their career,
 And in loose fragments fling them floating round.

Nor less at land the loosened tempest reigns: 175
 The mountain thunders, and its sturdy sons
 Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.
 Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,
 The dark way-faring stranger breathless toils,
 And, often falling, climbs against the blast. 180
 Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds
 What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain,
 Dash'd down and scattered by the tearing wind's
 Assiduous fury its gigantic limbs.

Thus struggling thro' the dissipated grove 185
 The whirling tempest raves along the plain,
 And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,
 Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid base.
 Sleep frighted flies, and round the rocking dome,
 For entrance eager, howls the savage blast. 190
 Then too, they say, thro' all the burthened air
 Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs,
 That,

That, uttered by the demon of the night,
Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.

Huge Uproar lords it wide. The clouds, commix'd
With stars swift gliding, sweep along the sky. 196
All Nature reels: till Nature's King, who oft'
Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
And on the wings of the careering wind
Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm; 200
Then straight air, sea, and earth, are hush'd at once.

As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
Now while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
Let me associate with the serious Night, 205
And Contemplation her sedate compeer;
Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,
And lay the meddling senses all aside.

Where now, ye lying Vanities of life!
Ye ever-tempting ever-cheating Train! 210
Where are you now? and what is your amount?
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.
Sad, sickening thought! and yet deluded Man,
A scene of crude disjointed visions past,
And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd, 215
With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.

Father of Light and Life! thou Good Supreme!
O teach me what is good! teach me Thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul 220
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!

The keener tempests rise ; and fuming dun
 From all the livid East, or piercing North,
 Thick clouds ascend, in whose capacious womb 225
 A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.
 Heavy they roll their fleecy world along,
 And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.
 Thro' the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,
 At first thin wavering, till at last the flakes 230
 Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day
 With a continual flow. The cherished fields
 Put on their winter-robe of purest white :
 'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts
 Along the mazy current. Low the woods 235
 Bow their hoar head ; and, ere the languid sun
 Faint from the West emits his evening ray,
 Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
 Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
 The works of Man. Drooping the labourer-ox 240
 Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands
 The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
 Tam'd by the cruel season, crowd around
 The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
 Which Providence assigns them. One alone, 245
 The red breast, sacred to the household gods,
 Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
 In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
 His shivering mates, and pays to trusted Man
 His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first 250
 Against the window beats, then, brisk, alights
 On the warm hearth ; then, hopping o'er the floor,
 Eyes

Eyes all the smiling family askance,
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is!
 Till more familiar grown, the table-crumbs 255
 Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
 Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
 Tho' timorous of heart, and hard beset
 By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
 And more un pitying men, the garden seeks, 260
 Urg'd on by fearless Want. The bleating kind
 Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
 With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispers'd,
 Dig for the withered herb thro' heaps of snow.

Now, Shepherds! to your helpless charge be kind;
 Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens 266
 With food at will; lodge them below the storm,
 And watch them strict; for from the bellowing East,
 In this dire season, oft' the whirlwind's wing
 Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintry plains 270
 At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
 Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
 The billowy tempest whelms, till, upward urg'd,
 The valley to a shining mountain swells.
 Tipt with a wreath high curling in the sky. 275

As thus the snows arise, and foul, and fierce,
 All Winter drives along the darkened air,
 In his own loose revolving fields the swain
 Disaster'd stands, sees other hills ascend
 Of unknown joyless brow, and other scenes 280
 Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain;
 Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid

Beneath

Beneath the formless wild ; but wanders on
 From hill to dale, still more and more astray,
 Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps, 285
 Stung with the thoughts of home ; the thoughts of home
 Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
 In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul !
 What black despair, what horror, fills his heart !
 When for the dusky spot, which Fancy feign'd 290
 His tufted cottage rising thro' the snow,
 He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
 Far from the track and blest abode of Man ;
 While round him night resistless closes fast,
 And every tempest, howling o'er his head, 295
 Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
 Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
 Of covered pits, unfathomably deep,
 A dire descent ! beyond the power of frost,
 Of faithless bogs ; of precipices huge, 300
 Smooth'd up with snow ; and, what is land, unknown,
 What water of the still unfrozen spring,
 In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
 Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
 These check his fearful steps, and down he sinks 305
 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
 Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots
 Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying man,
 His wife, his children, and his friends unseen. 310
 In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
 The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm ;

In vain his little children, peeping out
 Into the mingling storm, demand their fire
 With tears of artless Innocence. Alas! 315
 Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
 Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
 The deadly Winter seizes, shuts up sense,
 And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
 Lays him along the snows, a stiffened corse, 320
 Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,
 Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
 They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
 And wanton, often cruel riot, waste; 325
 Ah! little think they, while they dance along,
 How many feel, this very moment, death,
 And all the sad variety of pain:
 How many sink in the devouring flood,
 Or more devouring flame! how many bleed, 330
 By shameful variance betwixt man and man!
 How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms,
 Shut from the common air, and common use
 Of their own limbs! how many drink the cup
 Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread 335
 Of misery! fore pierc'd by wintry winds,
 How many shrink into the sordid hut
 Of cheerless Poverty! how many shake
 With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
 Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse, 340
 Whence, tumbled headlong from the height of life,
 They furnish matter for the Tragic Muse!

Even

Even in the vale, where Wisdom loves to dwell,
 With Friendship, Peace, and Contemplation join'd,
 How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop 345
 In deep retir'd distress! how many stand
 Around the deathbed of their dearest friends,
 And point the parting anguish! Though fond Man
 Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills
 That one incessant struggle render life, 350
 One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
 Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
 And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think;
 The conscious heart of Charity would warm,
 And her wide wish Benevolence dilate; 355
 The social tear would rise, the social sigh,
 And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
 Refining still, the social passions work.

And here can I forget the generous band^a
 Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd
 Into the horrors of the gloomy jail? 361
 Unpitied, and unheard, where Misery moans,
 Where sickness pines, where Thirst and Hunger burn,
 And poor Misfortune feels the lash of Vice.
 While in the land of Liberty, the land 365
 Whose every street and public meeting glow
 With open Freedom, little tyrants rag'd,
 Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth,
 Tore from cold wintry limbs the tattered weed,
 Even robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep, 370
 The free-born Briton to the dungeon chain'd,
 Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,

At

At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes,
 And crush'd out lives, by secret barbarous ways,
 That for their country would have toil'd or bled. 375
 O great design! if executed well,
 With patient care, and wisdom-tempered zeal.
 Ye sons of Mercy! yet resume the search,
 Drag forth the legal monsters into light,
 Wrench from their hands Oppression's iron rod, 380
 And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.
 Much still untouch'd remains; in this rank age,
 Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.
 The toils of law (what dark insidious men
 Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth, 385
 And lengthen simple justice into trade),
 How glorious were the day that saw these broke!
 And every man within the reach of right.

By wintry famine rous'd, from all the tract
 Of horrid mountains which the shining Alps, 390
 And wavy Apennine, and Pyrenees,
 Branch out stupendous into the distant lands,
 Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!
 Burning for blood! bony, and ghaut, and grim!
 Assembling wolves in raging troops descend, 395
 And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
 Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow.
 All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,
 Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
 Nor can the bull his awful front defend, 400
 Or shake the murdering savages away.
 Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,

And

And tear the screaming infant from her breast.
 The Godlike face of Man avails him nought.
 Even Beauty, force divine ! at whose bright glance
 The generous lion stands in softened gaze, 406
 Here bleeds a hapless, undistinguish'd prey.
 But if, appriz'd of the severe attack,
 The country be shut up, lur'd by the scent,
 On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate !) 410
 The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
 The shrowded body from the grave, o'er which,
 Mix'd with foul shades, and frightened ghosts, they howl.

Among those hilly regions, where embrac'd
 In peaceful vales the happy Grisons dwell, 415
 Oft', rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,
 Mountains of snow their gathering terrors roll.
 From steep to steep, loud thundering, down they come
 A wintry waste in dire commotion all,
 And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and swains, 420
 And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,
 Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,
 Are deep beneath the smothering ruin whelm'd.

Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
 In the wild depth of Winter, while without 425
 The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat
 Between the groaning forest and the shore
 Beat by the boundless multitude of waves,
 A rural, sheltered, solitary scene,
 Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join 430
 To cheer the gloom. There, studious, let me sit,
 And hold high converse with the Mighty Dead ;

Sages

Sages of ancient time, as gods rever'd,
 As gods beneficent, who blest mankind
 With arts, with arms, and humaniz'd a world. 435
 Rouz'd at th' inspiring thought, I throw aside
 The long-liv'd volume, and, deep musing, hail
 The sacred shades that slowly rising pass
 Before my wondering eyes. First Socrates,
 Who, firmly good in a corrupted state, 440
 Against the rage of tyrants single stood,
 Invincible! calm Reason's holy law,
 That voice of God within th' attentive mind,
 Obeying, fearless, or in life or death;
 Great moral teacher! wisest of mankind! 445
 Solon the next, who built his commonweal
 On Equity's wide base; by tender laws
 A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd,
 Preserving still that quick peculiar fire,
 Whence in the laurell'd field of finer arts, 450
 And of bold freedom, they unequall'd shone,
 The pride of smiling Greece and human-kind.
 Lycurgus then, who bow'd beneath the force
 Of strictest discipline, severely wise,
 All human passions. Following him, I see, 455
 As at Thermopylæ he glorious fell,
 The firm devoted Chief^b, who prov'd, by deeds,
 The hardest lesson which the other taught.
 Then Aristides lifts his honest front,
 Spotless of heart, to whom th' unflattering voice 460
 Of Freedom gave the noblest name of Just;
 In pure majestic poverty rever'd;

Who,

Who, even his glory to his country's weal
 Submitting, swell'd a haughty Rival's ^c fame.
 Rear'd by his care, of softer ray, appears 465
 Cimon, sweet-soul'd, whose genius, rising strong,
 Shook off the load of young debauch; abroad
 The scourge of Persian pride, at home the friend
 Of every worth and every splendid art;
 Modest, and simple, in the pomp of wealth. 470
 Then the last worthies of declining Greece,
 Late call'd to glory, in unequal times,
 Pensive, appear. The fair Corinthian boast,
 Timoleon, happy temper! mild, and firm,
 Who wept the brother while the tyrant bled. 475
 And, equal to the best, the Theban Pair ^d,
 Whose virtues, in heroic concord join'd,
 Their country rais'd to freedom, empire, fame.
 He, too, with whom Athenian honour sunk,
 And left a mass of sordid lees behind, 480
 Phocion the Good, in public life severe,
 To virtue still inexorably firm;
 But when, beneath his low illustrious roof,
 Sweet Peace and happy Wisdom smoooth'd his brow,
 Not Friendship softer was, nor Love more kind. 485
 And he, the last of old Lycurgus' sons,
 The generous victim to that vain attempt
 To save a rotten state, Agis, who saw
 Even Sparta's self to servile avarice sunk.
 The two Achaian heroes close the train; 490
 Aratus, who a while relum'd the soul
 Of fondly-lingering Liberty in Greece,
 And

And he her darling, as her latest hope,
 The gallant Philopœmen, who to arms
 Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure ; 495
 Or toiling in his farm, a simple swain,
 Or, bold and skilful, thundering in the field.

Of rougher front, a mighty people come !
 A race of heroes ! in those virtuous times
 Which knew no stain, save that with partial flame 500
 Their dearest country they too fondly lov'd.
 Her better founder first, the light of Rome,
 Numa, who softened her rapacious sons.
 Servius the King, who laid the solid base
 On which o'er earth the vast Republic spread. 505
 Then the great Consuls venerable rise.
 The public Father ^e who the private quell'd,
 As on the dread tribunal sternly sad.
 He whom his thankless country could not lose,
 Camillus, only vengeful to her foes. 510
 Fabricius, scorner of all-conquering gold ;
 And Cincinnatus, awful from the plough.
 Thy willing victim ^f, Carthage, bursting loose
 From all that pleading Nature could oppose,
 From a whole city's tears, by rigid Faith 515
 Imperious call'd, and Honour's dire command.
 Scipio, the gentle chief, humanely brave,
 Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,
 And, warm in youth, to the poetic shade
 With Friendship and Philosophy retir'd. 520
 Tully, whose powerful eloquence a while
 Restrain'd the rapid fate of rushing Rome.

Unconquer'd Cato, virtuous in extreme.
 And thou, unhappy Brutus! kind of heart,
 Whose steady arm, by awful Virtue urg'd, 525
 Lifted the Roman steel against thy friend.

Thousands besides the tribute of a verse
 Demand: but who can count the stars of heaven?
 Who sing their influence on this lower world?

Behold who yonder comes! in sober state, 530
 Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun—
 'Tis Phœbus' self, or else the Mantuan Swain!
 Great Homer, too, appears, of daring wing,
 Parent of song! and equal by his side
 The British Muse; join'd hand in hand they walk,
 Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame. 536

Nor absent are those shades, whose skilful touch
 Pathetic drew th' impassion'd heart, and charm'd
 Transported Athens with the moral scene;
 Nor those who, tuneful, wak'd th' enchanting lyre.

First of your kind! society divine! 541
 Still visit thus my nights, for you reserv'd,
 And mount my soaring soul to thoughts like yours.
 Silence, thou lonely power! the door be thine;
 See on the hallowed hour that none intrude, 545
 Save a few chosen friends, who sometimes deign
 To bless my humble roof, with sense refin'd,
 Learning digested well, exalted faith,
 Unstudy'd wit, and humour ever gay.
 Or from the Muses' hill will Pope descend, 550
 To raise the sacred hour, to bid it smile,
 And with the social spirit warm the heart?

For tho' not sweeter his own Homer sings,
Yet is his life the more endearing song.

Where art thou, Hammond! thou the darling pride,
The friend and lover of the tuneful throng! 556

Ah, why, dear Youth! in all the blooming prime
Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast
Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,
Why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so soon? 560

What now avails that noble thirst of fame
Which stung thy fervent breast? that treasur'd store
Of knowledge, early gain'd? that eager zeal
To serve thy country, glowing in the band
Of youthful patriots, who sustain her name? 565

What now, alas! that life-diffusing charm
Of sprightly wit? that rapture for the Muse,
That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,
Which bade, with softest light, thy virtues smile?
Ah! only shew'd to check our fond pursuits, 570
And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain!

Thus in some deep retirement would I pass
The Winter-glooms, with friends of pliant soul,
Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspir'd:
With them would search if Nature's boundless frame
Was call'd, late rising from the void of night, 576
Or sprung eternal from the eternal Mind,
Its life, its laws, its progress, and its end.
Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole
Would, gradual, open on our opening minds, 580
And each diffusive harmony unite
In full perfection to th' astonish'd eye.

Then would we try to scan the moral world,
 Which, tho' to us it seems embroil'd, moves on
 In higher order, fitted and impell'd 385
 By Wisdom's finest hand, and issuing all
 In general good. The sage Historic Muse
 Should next conduct us thro' the deeps of time;
 Shew us how empire grew, declin'd, and fell,
 In scattered states; what makes the nations smile, 590
 Improves their soil, and gives them double suns,
 And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,
 In Nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,
 Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
 That portion of divinity, that ray 595
 Of purest heaven, which lights the public soul
 Of patriots and of heroes. But if doom'd,
 In powerless humble fortune, to repress
 These ardent risings of the kindling soul,
 Then, even superior to ambition, we 600
 Would learn the private virtues; how to glide
 Thro' shades and plains, along the smoothest stream
 Of rural life; or, snatch'd away by hope,
 Thro' the dim spaces of futurity
 With earnest eye anticipate those scenes 605
 Of happiness and wonder, where the mind,
 In endless growth and infinite ascent,
 Rises from state to state, and world to world.
 But when with these the serious thought is foil'd,
 We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes 610
 Of frolic Fancy, and incessant form
 Those rapid pictures, that assembled train

Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,
 Whence lively wit excites to gay surprise,
 Or folly-painting Humour, grave himself, 615
 Calls Laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve.

Mean time the village rouzes up the fire,
 While well attested, and as well believ'd,
 Heard solemn, goes the goblin story round,
 Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all. 620
 Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake
 The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round;
 The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,
 Easily pleas'd; the long loud laugh, sincere;
 The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the side-long maid, 625
 On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep;
 The leap, the slap, the haul; and, shook to notes
 Of native music, the respondent dance.
 Thus jocund fleets with them the Winter-night.

The city swarms intense. The public haunt, 630
 Full of each theme, and warm with mixt discourse,
 Hums indistinct. The sons of Riot flow
 Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy
 To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
 The gaming-fury falls; and in one gulf 635
 Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
 Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink.
 Up springs the dance along the lighted dome,
 Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.
 The glittering court effuses every pomp; 640
 The circle deepens: beam'd from gaudy robes,
 Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,

A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves;
 While, a gay insect in his summer-shine,
 The fop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy wings. 645

Dread o'er the scene the ghost of Hamlet stalks;
 Othello rages; poor Monimia mourns;
 And Belvidera pours her soul in love.
 Terror alarms the breast; the comely tear
 Steals o'er the cheek: or else the Comic Muse 650
 Holds to the world a picture of itself,
 And raises, fly, the fair impartial laugh.

Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes
 Of beautiful life; whate'er can deck mankind,
 Or charm the heart, in generous Bevil ^s shew'd. 655

O thou! whose wisdom, solid yet refin'd,
 Whose patriot-virtues, and consummate skill
 To touch the finer springs that move the world,
 Join'd to whate'er the Graces can bestow,
 And all Apollo's animating fire, 660
 Give thee, with pleasing dignity, to shine
 At once the guardian, ornament, and joy,
 Of polish'd life, permit the rural Muse,
 O Chesterfield! to grace with thee her song!
 Ere to the shades again she humbly flies, 665
 Indulge her fond ambition, in thy train
 (For every Muse has in thy train a place),
 To mark thy various full-accomplish'd mind;
 To mark that spirit which, with British scorn,
 Rejects th' allurements of corrupted power; 670
 That elegant politeness which excels,
 Even in the judgment of presumptuous France,

The

The boasted manners of her shining court ;
 That wit, the vivid energy of sense,
 The truth of Nature, which, with Attic point, 675
 And kind well-temper'd satire, smoothly keen,
 Steals thro' the soul, and without pain corrects :
 Or, rising thence with yet a brighter flame,
 O let me hail thee on some glorious day,
 When to the listening Senate, ardent, crowd 680
 Britannia's sons to hear her pleaded cause.
 Then drest by thee, more amiably fair,
 Truth the soft robe of mild Persuasion wears ;
 Thou to assenting Reason giv'st again
 Her own enlightened thoughts ; call'd from the heart,
 Th' obedient Passions on thy voice attend ; 686
 And even reluctant Party feels a while
 Thy gracious power, as thro' the varied maze
 Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,
 Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood. 690
 To thy lov'd haunt return, my happy Muse ;
 For now, behold, the joyous Winter-days,
 Frosty, succeed, and thro' the blue serene,
 For sight too fine, th' ethereal nitre flies,
 Killing infectious damps, and the spent air 695
 Storing afresh with elemental life.
 Close crowds the shining atmosphere, and binds
 Our strengthened bodies in its cold embrace,
 Constricting ; feeds, and animates our blood ;
 Refines our spirits, thro' the new-strung nerves 700
 In swifter sallies darting to the brain,
 Where sits the Soul, intense, collected, cool,

Bright

Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.
 All Nature feels the renovating force
 Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye 705
 In ruin seen. The frost-concocted glebe
 Draws in abundant vegetable soul,
 And gathers vigour for the coming year.
 A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek
 Of ruddy Fire ; and luculent along 710
 The purer rivers flow ; their sullen deeps,
 Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze,
 And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.

What art thou, Frost ! and whence are thy keen stores
 Deriv'd, thou secret, all-invading Power, 715
 Whom even th' illusive fluid cannot fly ?
 Is not thy potent energy, unseen,
 Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or shap'd
 Like double wedges, and diffus'd immense
 Thro' water, earth, and ether ? hence at eve, 720
 Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,
 With the fierce rage of Winter deep suffus'd,
 An icy gale, oft' shifting, o'er the pool
 Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
 Arrests the bickering stream. The loosened ice, 725
 Let down the flood, and half dissolv'd by day,
 Rustles no more, but to the sedgy bank
 Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,
 A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven
 Cemented firm, till, seiz'd from shore to shore, 730
 The whole imprison'd river grows below.
 Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects

A double

A double noise, while, at his evening watch,
 The village-dog deters the nightly thief:
 The heifer lows; the distant water-fall 735
 Swells in the breeze; and, with the hasty tread
 Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain
 Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
 Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
 Shines out intensely keen; and, all one cope 740
 Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.
 From pole to pole the rigid influence falls
 Thro' the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,
 And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on,
 Till Morn, late-rising o'er the drooping world, 745
 Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
 The various labours of the silent Night;
 Prone from the dripping cave and dumb cascade,
 Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
 The pendent circle; the frost-work fair, 750
 Where transient hues and fancy'd figures rise;
 Wide-spouted o'er the hill the frozen brook,
 A livid tract, cold gleaming on the morn;
 The forest bent beneath the plumy wave,
 And by the frost refin'd the whiter snow, 755
 Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
 Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks
 His pining flock, or from the mountain top,
 Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descends.
 On blithesome frolics bent, the youthful swains, 760
 While every work of Man is laid at rest,
 Fond o'er the river crowd, in various sport

And

And revelry dissolv'd; where mixing glad,
 Happiest of all the train! the raptur'd boy
 Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine 763
 Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,
 From every province swarming, void of care,
 Batavia rushes forth, and as they sweep,
 On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
 In circling poise, swift as the winds, along, 770
 The then gay land is maddened all to joy.
 Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow,
 Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,
 Their vigorous youth, in bold contention, wheel
 The long-refounding course. Mean time, to raise 775
 The manly strife, with highly-blooming charms,
 Flush'd by the season, Scandinavia's dames,
 Or Russia's buxom daughters, glow around.

Pure, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome day,
 But soon elaps'd. The horizontal sun, 780
 Broad o'er the South, hangs at his utmost noon,
 And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid cliff:
 His azure gloss the mountains still maintains,
 Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
 Relents a while to the reflected ray; 785
 Or from the forest falls the clustered snow,
 Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam
 Gay-twinkle as they scatter. Thick around
 Thunders the sport of those who, with the gun,
 And dog impatient bounding at the shot,
 Worse than the season desolate the fields,

And,

And, adding to the ruins of the year,
Distress the footed or the feathered game.

But what is this? Our infant Winter sinks,
Divested of his grandeur, should our eye 795

Astonish'd shoot into the Frigid zone,
Where, for relentless months, continual Night
Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign.

There, thro' the prison of unbounded wilds,
Barr'd by the hand of Nature from escape, 800

Wide roams the Russian exile. Nought around
Strikes his sad eye, but deserts lost in snow,

And heavy-loaded groves, and solid floods,
That stretch, athwart the solitary vast,

Their icy horrors to the frozen main, 805
And cheerless towns far-distant, never blest'd,

Save when its annual course the caravan
Bends to the golden coast of rich Cathay^h,

With news of human-kind : yet there life glows ;
Yet, cherish'd there, beneath the shining waste, 810

The furry nations harbour : tipt with jet
Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press,

Sables of glossy black ; and dark-embrown'd,
Or beauteous freakt with many a mingled hue,

Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts. 815
There, warm together press'd, the trooping deer

Sleep on the new-fall'n snows ; and, scarce his head
Rais'd o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk

Lies slumb'ring, fullen, in the white abyss.
The ruthless hunter wants nor dogs nor toils, 820

Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives
The

The fearful flying race ; with ponderous clubs,
 As weak against the mountain-heaps they push
 Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray,
 He lays them quivering on th' ensanguin'd snows, 825
 And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home.
 There thro' the piny forest half-absorpt,
 Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,
 With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn ;
 Slow-pac'd, and sower as the storms increase, 830
 He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift,
 And, with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,
 Hardens his heart against affailing want.

Wide o'er the spacious regions of the North,
 That see Bootes urge his tardy wain, 835
 A boisterous race, by frosty Caurus i pierc'd,
 Who little pleasure know, and fear no pain,
 Prolific swarm. They once relum'd the flame
 Of lost mankind in polish'd slavery sunk,
 Drove martial horde on horde *, with dreadful sweep
 Resistless rushing o'er th' enfeebled South, 841
 And gave the vanquish'd world another form.
 Not such the sons of Lapland ; wisely they
 Despise th' insensate barbarous trade of war ;
 They ask no more than simple Nature gives ; 845
 They love their mountains and enjoy their storms.
 No false desires, no pride-created wants,
 Disturb the peaceful current of their time ;
 And thro' the restless ever-tortur'd maze
 Of pleasure, or ambition, bid it rage.
 Their rein-deer form their riches : these their tents,

Their

Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth,
Supply, their wholesome fare, and cheerful cups.

Obedient at their call the docile tribe
Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift 855

O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanse
Of marbled snow, as far as eye can sweep,
With a blue crust of ice unbounded glaz'd.

By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless make
A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens, 860

And vivid moons, and stars that keener play
With doubled lustre from the glossy waste,

Even in the depth of Polar Night, they find
A wondrous day, enough to light the chase,

Or guide their hasting steps to Finland fairs. 865
Wish'd Spring returns, and from the hazy South,

While dim Aurora slowly moves before,
The welcome sun, just verging up at first,

By small degrees extends the evening curve,
Till seen at last for gay rejoicing months, 870

Still round and round his spiral course he winds,
And as he nearly dips his flaming orb,

Wheels up again, and recends the sky.
In that glad season from the lakes and floods

Where pure Niemi's fairy-mountains rise, 875
And fring'd with roses, Tengho^m rolls his stream,

They draw the copious fry. With these, at eve,
They, cheerful-loaded, to their tents repair,

Where, all day long in useful cares employ'd,
Their kind unblemish'd wives the fire prepare. 880

Thrice happy race! by poverty secur'd

From legal plunder and rapacious power;
 In whom fell Interest never yet has sown
 The seeds of vice; whose spotless swains ne'er knew
 Injurious deed, nor, blasted by the breath
 Of faithless Love, their blooming daughters woe.

Still pressing on beyond Tornea's lake,
 And Hecla flaming thro' a waste of snow,
 And farthest Greenland, to the Pole itself,
 Where, failing gradual, life at length goes out,
 The Muse expands her solitary flight
 And, hovering o'er the wild stupendous scene,
 Beholds new seas beneath another sky,
 Thron'd in his palace of cerulean ice,
 Here Winter holds his unrejoicing court,
 And thro' his airy hall the loud misrule
 Of driving Tempest is for ever heard:
 Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath
 Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost,
 Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows,
 With which he now oppresses half the globe.

Thence winding eastward to the Tartar's coast,
 She sweeps the howling margin of the main,
 Where undissolving, from the first of time,
 Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky,
 And icy mountains, high on mountains pil'd,
 Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,
 Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.
 Projected huge and horrid o'er the surge,
 Alps frown on Alps, or rushing hideous down,
 As if old Chaos was again return'd,

Wide-

Wide-rend the deep, and shake the solid pole.
 Ocean itself no longer can resist
 The binding fury, but in all its rage
 Of tempest taken by the boundless frost, 915
 Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
 And bid to roar no more: a bleak expanse,
 Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless, and void
 Of every life, that from the dreary months
 Flies conscious southward. Miserable they 920
 Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
 Take their last look of the descending sun!
 While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
 The long, long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
 Falls horrible. Such was the Briton's fate °, 925
 As with first prow (what have not Briton's dar'd!)
 He for the passage sought, attempted since
 So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
 By jealous Nature with eternal bars.
 In these fell regions, in Arzina caught, 930
 And to the stony deep his idle ship
 Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,
 Each full exerted at his several task,
 Froze into statues; to the cordage glu'd
 The sailor, and the pilot to the helm. 935

Hard by these shores, where scarce his freezing stream
 Rolls the wild Oby, live the last of men;
 And, half-enlivened by the distant sun,
 That rears and ripens man, as well as plants,
 Here human nature wears its rudest form. 940
 Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,

Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
 They waste the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs
 Doze the gross race; nor sprightly jest, nor song,
 Nor tenderness they know, nor aught of life
 Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without.
 Till Morn, at length, her roses drooping all,
 Sheds a long twilight brightening o'er their fields,
 And calls the quivered savage to the chase.

What cannot active government perform,
 New-moulding Man? Wide-stretching from these shores,
 A people savage from remotest time,
 A huge neglected empire, one vast Mind,
 By Heaven inspir'd, from Gothic darkness call'd.
 Immortal Peter! first of Monarchs! he
 His stubborn country tam'd, her rocks, her fens,
 Her floods, her seas, her ill-submitting sons;
 And while the fierce Barbarian he subdu'd,
 To more exalted soul he rais'd the Man.
 Ye shades of ancient heroes! ye who toil'd
 Thro' long successive ages to build up
 A labouring plan of state, behold at once
 The wonder done! behold the matchless prince!
 Who left his native throne, where reign'd, till then,
 A mighty shadow of unreal power;
 Who greatly spurn'd the stothful pomp of courts,
 And roaming every land, in every port
 His sceptre laid aside, with glorious hand
 Unweary'd plying the mechanic tool,
 Gather'd the seeds of trade, of useful arts,
 Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill.

Charg'd

A Charg'd with the stores of Europe home he goes;
 Then cities rise and th' illumin'd waste;
 O'er joyless deserts smiles the rural reign;
 Far-distant flood to flood is social join'd; 975
 Th' astonish'd Euxine hears the Baltic roar;
 Proud navies ride on seas that never foam'd
 With daring keel before, and armies stretch
 Each way their dazzling files, repressing here
 The frantic Alexander of the North, 980
 And awing there stern Othman's shrinking sons.
 Sloth flies the land, and Ignorance and Vice,
 Of old dishonour proud: it glows around,
 Taught by the Royal Hand that rouz'd the whole,
 One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade; 985
 For what his wisdom plann'd, and power enforc'd,
 More potent still, his great example shew'd.
 Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
 Blow hollow-blustering from the South, Subdu'd,
 The frost resolves into a trickling thaw, 990
 Spotted the mountains shine, loose fleet descends,
 And floods the country round. The rivers swell,
 Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
 O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
 A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once, 995
 And, where they rush, the wide-resounding plain
 Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen seas,
 That wash'd th' upgenial Pole, will rest no more
 Beneath the shackles of the mighty North,
 But, raising all their waves, resistless heave, 1000
 And hark! the lengthening roar continuous runs

Athwart the rifted deep, at once it bursts,
 And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds;
 Ill fares the bark with trembling wretches charg'd,
 That, toss'd amid the floating fragments, moor'd
 Beneath the shelter of an icy shelf,
 While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks
 More horrible. Can human force chain
 The assembled miseries that besiege them round
 Heart gnawing hunger, fainting weariness,
 The roar of winds and waves, the creak of ice,
 Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,
 And in dire echoes bellowing round the main,
 More to embroil the deep, leviathan
 And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport,
 Tempest the loosened brine, while thro' the gloom,
 Far from the bleak inhospitable shore,
 Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
 Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wreck
 Yet Providence, that ever-waking Eye,
 Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
 Of mortals left to hope, and lights them safe
 Thro' all this dreary labyrinth of ice
 'Tis done! dread Winter spreads his icy gloom,
 And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year,
 How dead the vegetable kingdom lies,
 How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
 His desolate domain. Behold, fond Man!
 See here thy pictured life, pass some new years,
 Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
 Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
 And

And pale concluding Winter comes at last, 1030
 And shuts the scene. Ah! whether now are fled
 Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
 Of happiness? those longings after fame? 1035
 Those restless cares? those busy bustling days
 Those gay-spent, festive nights? those rev'ring thoughts,
 Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?
 All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survivor,
 Immortal never-failing friend of Man, 1040
 His guide to happiness on high. And see!
 'Tis come, the glorious Morn! the second birth
 Of heaven and earth! awakening Nature hears
 The new-creating Word, and starts to life,
 In every heightened form, from pain and death 1045
 For ever free. The great eternal scheme,
 Involving all, and in a perfect whole
 Uniting, as the profuse light spreads,
 To Reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.
 Ye vainly Wise! ye blind Presumptuous! now, 1050
 Confounded in the dust, adore that Power
 And Wisdom oft' arraign'd; see now the cause
 Why unassuming Worth in secret liv'd,
 And dy'd neglected; why the good man's share
 In life was gall and bitterness of soul; 1055
 Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
 In starving solitude; while Luxury,
 In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
 To form unreal wants; why heaven-born Truth,
 And Moderation fair, wore the red marks 1060
 Of Superstition's scourge; why licens'd Pain,
That

That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd did the cold
 Imbitter'd all our bliss: Ye Good diff'rent! And thus
 Ye noble Bew! who here unbending stand, below
 Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while, till ye
 And what your bound'd view, which only saw
 A little part, deem'd evil; in no more vast
 The forms of Wintry time will quickly pass;
 And one unbounded Spring will all the year be
 Immortal never-fading friend of Man; who now
 His guide to happiness on high: And yet
 'Tis come, the glorious Morn! the second birth
 Of heaven and earth, awakening Nature's heart
 The new-creating Word, and starts to life
 In every heightened form, from pain and death
 For ever free: The great eternal
 Involving all, and all that's in it
 Uniting, as the perfect whole, the
 To Reason's eye, the up-sprung sun
 Ye vainly Wile! ye blind Presumptuous! now, now
 Confound'd in the dust, where that Power
 And Wisdom oft, at night, see now the sun
 Why assuming Worth in senseless
 And why neglected; why the good man's
 In life was gall and bitterness of soul
 Why the lone widow and her orphan
 In fasting solitude, while luxury
 In palaces, lay stinking in
 To form great wares, why heaven-born
 And Modest fair, wore the red
 Of Superstition's leech, why should
 That

H. C. M. N.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father! these
 Are but the varied God. The rolling year
 Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
 Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love,
 Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
 Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
 And every sense, and every heart, is joy.
 Then comes Thy glory in the Summer months;
 With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun
 Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year;
 And oft' Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
 And oft' at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
 By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales,
 Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
 And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
 In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms
 Around Thee thrown! tempest o'er tempest roll'd!
 Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
 Riding sublime, Thou bidst the world adore,
 And humblest Nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
 Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
 Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
 Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
 Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade,
 And all so forming an harmonious whole,
 That as they still succeed they ravish still,
 But wandering oft', with brute unconscious gaze,

Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand
 That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres, 30
 Works in the secret deep, shoots, steaming, thence
 The fair profusion that o'er spreads the Spring!
 Flings from the sun direct the flaming day,
 Feeds every creature, hurls the tempest forth,
 And, as on earth this grateful change revolves, 35
 With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend! join every living soul,
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
 In adoration join, and, ardent, raise
 One general song! To Him, ye vocal Gales! 40
 Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes:
 Oh talk of him in solitary glooms!
 Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
 Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
 And ye! whose bolder note is heard afar, 45
 Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
 Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
 His praise, ye Brooks! attune, ye trembling Rills!
 And let me catch it as I muse along,
 Ye headlong Torrents! rapid and profound; 50
 Ye softer Floods! that lead the humid maze
 Along the vail: and thou, majestic Main!
 A secret world of wonders in thyself,
 Sound His stupendous praise, whose greater voice
 Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall. 55
 Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
 In mingled clouds, to Him, whose sun exalts,
 Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.

Ye

Ye Forests! bend; ye Harvests! wave to Him; 60
 Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
 At home he goes beneath the joyous moon,
 Ye that keep watch in heaven! as earth asleep
 Unconscious lies; effuse your mildest beams,
 Ye Constellations! while your angels strike,
 Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre, 65
 Great Source of day! best image here below
 Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
 From world to world, the vital ocean round,
 On Nature write, with every beam, his praise,
 The thunder rolls: he hush'd the prostrate World, 70
 While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn,
 Bleat out afresh, ye Hills! ye mossy Rocks!
 Retain the sound: the broad responsive low
 Ye Vallies! raise, for the Great Shepherd reigns,
 And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come. 75
 Ye Woodlands! all! awake; a boundless song
 Burst from the groves; and when the restless day,
 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
 Sweetest of birds! sweet Phillomela! charm
 The listening shades, and teach the night His praise. 80
 Ye, chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
 At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
 Crown the great hymn. In swarming cities vast,
 Assembled Men! to the deep organ join.
 The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear, 85
 At solemn pauses, thro' the swelling base,
 And as each mingling flame increases each,
 In one united ardour rise to heaven.

And

Or if you rather chuse the rural shade,
 And find a shrine in every sacred grove,
 There let the shepherd's lute, the virgin's lay,
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
 Still sing the God of Seasons as they roll.
 For me, when I forget the darling theme,
 Whether the blossom blows, the summer ray
 Rustles the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
 Or Winter rises in the blackening East,
 Be my tongue mute, may Fancy paint no more,
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!
 Should Fate command me to the farthest verge
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
 Rivers unknown to song, where hills the sun
 Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
 Flames on th' Atlantic mists, his thought to me,
 Since God is ever present, ever felt,
 In the void waste as in the city full!
 And where he vital breathes there must be joy.
 When even shall the solemn hour shall come,
 And wing my mayne flight to future worlds,
 I shall sit with holy, there with new powers
 Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go
 Where Universal Love not shines around,
 Sustaining all your orbs, and all their sons,
 From seeming evil still educating good,
 And better thence again, and better still,
 In infinite progression. But I lose
 Myself in Him, in Light ineffable;
 Come then, expressive Silence! muse His praise.

N O T E S.

A U T U M N.

^a The Muscovites call the Riphean mountains *Weliki Casmenypoy*, that is, *The great stony girdle*, because they suppose them to encompass the whole earth.

^b A range of mountains in Africa, that surround almost all Monomotapa.

^c The seat of the Lord Viscount Cobham.

^d The temple of Virtue in Stowe-Gardens.

W I N T E R.

^a The Jail Committee, in the year 1729.

^b Leonidas.

^c Themistocles.

^d Pelopidas and Epaminondas.

^e Marcus Junius Brutus.

^f Regulus.

^g A Character in the *Conscious Lovers*, written by Sir Richard Steele.

^h The old name for China.

ⁱ The north-west wind.

^k The wandering Scythian clans.

^l M. de Maupertuis, in his book on the figure of the earth, after having described the beautiful lake and mountain of Niemi in Lapland, says,—"From this height we had opportunity several times to see those vapours rise from the lake which the people of the country call *Haltios*, and which they deem to be the guardian spirits of the mountains. We had been frightened with stories of bears that haunted this place, but saw none. It seemed rather a place of resort for Fairies and Genii than bears."

N O T E S.

^m The same author observes,—"I was surpris'd to see,
"upon the banks of this river (the Tenglio), roses of as live-
"ly a red as any that are in our gardens."

ⁿ The other hemisphere.

^o Sir Hugh Willoughby, sent by Queen Elizabeth to dis-
cover the North-east passage.

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